THE ANARCHIST.

Paul Le Marchant, clockmaker by trade and anarchist by principle, sat at breakfast in the little parlor at the back of his shop in the Rue St. Antoine carelessly glancing through his morning paper. Opposite him sat his young wife.

On this morning after breakfast instead of going into his shop, as was customary with him, he drew his chair over beside his young wife, and taking her hand in his he gazed men her sorrowfully and with peediar interest, and said while strok-

Lucille, darling, if anything should happen to me what would you do? If I quitted this life with the curses of widows and orphans you still remember me only as your loving and manly Paul, or would you, too, join with the world in blasting my memory ?"

Alas, Lucille knew too well what Paul's principles were and how strongly he cherished them. She had strange forebodings always that the terrible sentences passed by the secret councils of the anarchists, and she knew that he could not disobey any order of these councils with impunity, even if he was so inclined.

While her husband spoke to her the tears rose to her eyes, and throwing her arms around his neck she sobled, asking why he spoke thus, but he merely said he felt melanholy, which was more or less a lie. for Senor Morova, the Spanish premier, had been sentenced by the very council to which Le Marchant himoff belonged, and the sentence had been effectually and fatally carried out the previous day by Cassello, the member of the brotherhood on whom the lot had fallen, and Le Marchant knew this, and he was relieved the world of one of its rul-

He had just been reading the pariculars of the murder—though he did not view it in that light—in the newspaper, and he knew that Montaure, president of France, would be he next victim, sentence having been pronounced on him immediatew after Senor Morova. He knew also that lots would be drawn to de-ade who should carry out this vile sentence, and he had a kind of presentiment that the lot would fall to him. It was this thought that made him address Lucille in such a strange fachion.

For some days after this he attended in his shop as usual, and Lucille had almost forgotten his momentary strange manner, till one evening she went up to his room and entering quietly found him adjusting a black mask over his face. On her inquiring what be was doing, he tried to pass it off as a joke, and told her he intended to play a little trick upon her, but Lucille saw lying on a chair close by a black cloak with a hood, and also something too well aware that this meant a numous to a meeting.

And in truth she guessed right. was at the call of the chief of the | the sentence. brotherhood to attend the meeting to decide who should execute the President Montaure.

When Paul entered the room, he ound a large number had already prived, but there were three or four sho '-d not as yet put in an apparance, and for these the council aited till all but one had come. This one was Signor Rapelli, and the members becoming impatient at his ponappearance had sent twice to the man on guard at the entrance of the house to know if he was in sight. He was looking out for the last time when a hooded figure came hastily to the door, gave the password and was admitted. The man in the hall, uming it was Signor Rapelli, adessed him by name, and told him

the brotherhood were impatiently aiting, and urged him to burry up Mairs to the council chamber.

Now this person, whom the guard took to be Signor Rapelli, was none other than Lucille, Le Marchant's wife, who, impelled by love for Paul, as well as curiosity, dotermined to risk a visit to the council ignised as a member, especially as Paul had trusted her with the passyord. When the guard addressed er as Signor Rapelli, the true wom. swit divined that the signor had of arrived, and she therefore deter sined to play his part as best she

When she entered the council amber, the president welcomed as Signor Rapelli, and she, havmerely bowed, went and took a at with the other members.
She shuddered inwardly when she

oked around the room at the som drapery on the walls and the ack hoods of the members, which lowed nothing but the eyes to be n, and then the awful thought sed her mind-that if some one ognized her as a stranger whit ld become of her? Worst of all, y would think she was there with approval of Paul, and she knew at if they thought him guilty of chery he would not leave the

ace alive. However, the voice of the presiat cut short her thoughts as he ose to formally explain the object their meeting, which was to dele who should rid France of its sident. He then explained the ode in which the drawing of lois s to take place. He produced a

large pewter jug with a neck just | famous all over the world. Traviswide enough to allow a hand to pass in, and this jug was filled with cards, on each one of which there was a number from 1 to 100. Each member was to walk up to the president, before whom the jug was placed, and draw out a number, and when he drew it out he was obliged to announce his name and the number he drew, and then retire to his seat. Whoever drew the lowest number was bound to carry out the commands of the council.

Then each one walked up in turn.

Lucille among the number, and drew a ticket. The numbers drawn by the first seven members were 53, 30, 8, 17, 88, 70 and 12. Then it came to Paul's turn, who drew a ticket bearing the number 7 and retired to his seat, and the drawing went on. No one drew a number lower than 7. and the hatred of a world, would and when all had finished the pres dent rose and addressing Le Marchant announced that in accordance with the rules of the society it had fallen to his lot to cut short the life of M. Felix Mentaure, president of France, within ten days, but for preference on the day when the president was to open the Exhibition harm would come to him or that he of Arts and Industries in Paris. This might be chosen to execute some of was the day on which Cassello, the anarchist who murdered Senor Morova, was to pay the penalty of his crime. Then, having exhorted him to do his duty, he presented him with a dagger, this being the only warrant for execution issued by the society when it passed sentence of death. Afterward the council broke up for the night, and the members dispersed to their several homes, Lucille running nearly all the way, so as to reach home before Paul.

She knew him too well to attempt to dissuade him from carriyng out the sentence with which he was intrusted, and she also knew that even if she did succeed in dissuading him it would most certainly endanger his life. But she was revolving a little scheme in her own mind, which Meased. It always pleased him when she thought, while it would save the the vengeance of the brotherhood life of the president, would also shield Paul from the anger of the protherhood if he failed to execute

Now, before Mentaure had become president Lucille had been lady's maid to Mme. Mentaure, and only resigned that position when she married Paul, on which occasion madamo gave her a beautiful and costly present, with a request that if she ever wanted any favor she would not be slow to ask it.

Lucille therefore wrote Mme. Mentaure, requesting to be allowed to see her, as she had something most important and pressing to inform her of and which would not bide delay. Lucille sent this letter the second day after the meeting at which she had been present, and received a prompt reply, appointing an hour at which it would be convenient to madame to see her.

Mme. Mentaure received her very kindly, and having made several inquiries as to herself and family requested her to state the object of ber visit.

bright among the folds, and she was | ed how she had gained access to the council chamber of the anarchists, who had decreed the death of the for when Paul set out that night it her husband Paul's lot to carry out

Mme. Mentaure listened quietly to all Lucille had to say, and except entence which had been passed on for the paleness of her face and the twitching of her lips did not betray any signs of emotion. She inquired of Lucille whether she thought Paul would carry out the decree, and Lucille answered that she was absolutely certain that ho power on earth could stop him, but that if madame woul . hear her she thought she had a plan which, if it met with her approval, would save both the presi

dent and Paul. She told Mme, Mentaure that Paul would probably attempt the murder of the president when he went to open the Exhibition of Arts and Industries in a week or so, and suggested that madame should secure the services of Lieutenant Travissier, the world famed ventriloquist, to aid them in carrying out her plan, which was that Travissier should have one of his walking figures made up to resemble the president, and that he, Travissier, should take his seat beside it in the carriage on the day the exhibition was to be opened and make the speech declaring the Arts and Industries open which would have been spoken by the real president. Thus, when Paul would strike the fatal blow, it would fall harmless on the stuffed president, and would exonerate Paul from all blame from the brotherhood when they discovered how they had been foiled.

Mme. Mentaure fully agreed with all that Lucille suggested, and while warmly complimenting her on her coolness, tact and ingenuity could not help smiling—serious though the subject was—at the idea of the stuffed president. It was further arranged between them that a paragraph should appear in the morning papers of the day preceding the opening of the exhibition describing a cycling accident which befell that president and necessitated his keep ing his room for a day or so, but stating that nevertheless the president would be able to open the ex-

hibition on the day following. It should be mentioned that this Lieutepant Travissier was the foremost ventriloquist in France, and that his mechanical figures had been brought to the highest state of perfection-they could walk, smoke drink, etc., under Travissier's grid-

sier, when he was communicated with and bound over to secrecy, entered into the spirit of the thing at once, and immediately began prepa-

rations for playing his part. Of course nothing would have been easier than for Mme. Mentaure to have had Paul arrested on the spot, or at least kept under surveillance, but she was sufficiently keen to appreciate that if he was arrested another member would be deputed to take his place, and besides sho felt it would be a poor return to Lucille for her trust and devotion.

When the eventful day arrived, Lieutenant Travissier, disguised as the president's secretary, appeared at the door of the palace supporting on his arm the dummy president, and entering the carriage which was in waiting drove to the exhibition attended by a military escort. So far everything went on well, and the route rang with the loud cheers of the French public for their beloved president. Many were the sympathetic words exchanged among bystanders agent the paleness of the president and the difficulty which seemed to attend his least movement.

At last the exhibition buildings were reached. The president entered, still leaning on the arm of Travissier, and mounted the platform provided for his accommodation. The ventriloquist stood immediately behind the dummy and delivered in fine form the president's address opening the exhibition.

Toward the exit from the buildings, where a great crowd had gathered to see them and while the air rang with the cheers of the multitude, Le Marchant, who was waiting, suddenly darted forward and before any one could interfere plunged his dagger thrice into the breast of the president, crying passionately: "Down with tyranny! Long live anarchy! Cassello is

The president sank back into the arms of Travissier, and he was immediately carried to one of the private rooms in the exhibition and medical men sent for. When Travissier had the committee who received the president alone in the room with him he hurriedly explained to them the ruse that had been played upon them and the public in anticipation of the attack that had just taken place, and impressed upon them the necessity of keeping up the farce a little longer.

As for Le Marchant, he was instantly seized by the crowd, and notwithstanding his strength would have been most severely handled if the gendarmes had not rescued him and taken him into custody.

Within an incredibly short time all the newspapers had special editions out, recounting the assassination of the president, and the news was flashed all over the world, only to be contradicted a few hours afterward when it became known how ingeniously anarchy had been cheated of one of its most coveted vic-Lucille then told her plainly of | tims. As for the anarchists themher husband's principles, and relat- selves, they were quite dumfound- red, something like the hunting cost ed when they learned how they had been foiled.

Meanwhile Paul, in jail, was kept president, and how it had fallen to in ignorance of the failure of his attempt on the president until one morning after things had settled down he was quietly conveyed before the president and his wife, who, with Lucille and Travissier, awaited his coming.

The astonishment of Paul when he saw the president, whom he thought he had finally disposed of, hale and hearty before him, can better be imagined than described, and his surprise was intensified at sight of Lucille, who he thought had come there to beg his life.

M. Mentaure, calmly addressing Paul, said: "I expect you are astonished to see me here when you thought you had terminated my existence. But Providence, through this devoted woman, your wife, ordained otherwise. It is to her that you and I owe our lives. We all of us have our faults and misconceptions, but if you will take a little friendly advice you will renounce the principles you have entertained, if not for the hopelessness and danger of the principles themselves, for the sake of the devoted companion of your life, to whom I repeat we both owe our lives. However, as I trust you will now see how blindly you have been acting, the only condition I will impose with a free pardon is that you reside out of France for three years, till this affair will have been forgotten. I will provide you with what will keep you till you obtain employment in some foreign land, but you must not settle on French soil. I ask you to give me your hand to seal the compact between us." The generosity of the president astonished Paul beyond measure. Grasping M. Mentaure's hand he warmly thanked him for his mercy, forgiveness and kindness and promised to adhere to all he had said.

Within three days he started for England, together with Lucille, to whom he was more devoted than ever. Travissier became the darling of Paris, and presents and congratulations from all quarters of the globe were showered upon him. There is now no more popular ventriloquist in France, and when he announces that he will include a little piece in his entertainment called "Travissier's Triumph" he is always sure of a bumper house.-London Tit-

Children and adults tortured by burns, drink, etc., under Travissier's grid-ance. They had appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and were with With Hazel Salve. It is the great Pilo remedy. Evans Pharmacy. THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

Hunting In Old England In the Days of

King George III.

But, though the royal buckhounds as an institution can trace their descent back to bluff King Harry, the present fashion of hunting their game began with good King George. The date cannot be fixed precisely, but it is certain that the carted deer was first used in George III's reign, when inclosure acts and the spread of agriculture had made the chase of the wild stag impossible in the settled districts of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. His majesty was no thruster (which, seeing that he rode 19 stone, is not

to himself an ample discretion: "On one occasion they came to a place which the king did not quite fancy. He hung a little. 'John has gone over, your majesty,' said one of the equerries, hoping, no doubt, that a hole might be made for him. Then you may go after him,' said the king and jogged off to find a nicer place."

surprising), and the hounds had

frequently to be stopped for him.

He rode to a pilot, but, as the follow-

ing little anecdote shows, reserved

Most of the household seem to have taken their cue from their royal master, but one of the equerries, Colonel Gwyn, who married Goldsmith's Jessamy Bride, went so well in a famous run in the autumn of 1797 that he was complimented-by the nimrod of the day, we presume -upon displaying "more of the genuine, unadulterated sportsman than the effeminate courtier."

The hounds were from 24 to 26 inches, lenion pyes and black and white. They could go very fast, we are told, for half an hour, giving tongue the while like Big Ben, but they must soon have sobered down, for some of the runs seem to have covered a portentous tract of country. Perhaps none was quite so long as that famous one in Charles II's reign, when a Swinley deer ran for 70 miles before it was taken near Lord Petres, in Essex, and the Duke of York, with the master, Colonel Graham, was among the few who lived to the end, but they must have been long enough, to judge by the names earned by two of the stags, Moonshine and Starlight.

The deer were housed in the same paddooks in Swinley as the deer of today, and close to them stood the master's hunting lodge, when high jinks used to go on in the old roystering, three bottle time. On June 4, the king's birthday, as Eton boys know well, the master used to give a dinner to the farmers and foresters, and sometimes the king would drive over from Windsor and watch the lads and lasses footing it on the green in front of the houses. The building was dismantled and pulled down in 1821, but the grounds may still be faintly traced.

The king rode in a light blue coat with black velvet cuffs, top boots buckled behind and, after 1786, a of the second empire. The yeoman prickers were the same heavy gold leced scarlet coats as now and carried French horns, which they wound lustily on every conceivable occasion.

Later on a less noisy but more efficient instrument was added to the horns. After Mr. Mellish, master of the Epping forest hounds, had been robbed and murdered by a highwayman on his return from hunting a couple of boys were added to the establishment, each armed with a brace of horse pistols. When the run was ended, these pistols were handed to two of the yeoman prickers, whose duty it was to escort his majesty back to Windsor. - Macmillan's Magazine.

Already Rewarded. The last joke at the expense of the

French Society For the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A country man, armed with an immense club, presented himself before the president of the society and claimed the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the country man. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolfi" inquired the latter. "What had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife,"

was the reply.

The president reflected an instant, and then said.

"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cyclist's Speed For an Hour. Cyclist's private opinion, 10 miles: cyclist's opinion for his friends, 18 miles; police constable's private opinion, 12 miles; police constable's opinion for the magistrate, 24 miles; oyclometer's opinion, 30 miles; old lady's opinion, who was knocked down, 40 miles; actual speed, 8

miles. - Pick Me Up. - There is no man so bad but that he has a scoret respect for one that's

- Mr. F. C. Helbig, a prominent druggist of Lynchburg, Va., says "One of our citizens was cured of rheumatism of two years standing, by one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment is famous for its cures of rheumatism; thousands have been delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

young woman's character, silence on my part seemed befitting. He did not speak again until we had drawn within hailing distance of the other

boat, when he motioned me to him. "We'll run right across their bow," he whispered. "Don't you mind me. I can see bottom here. Keep right on, and they will have swept across the bow of the other craft and, by a seemingly clumsy maneuver, went about. The boom swung around, and an instant later Archer was floundering in the bay. I grasped the tiller, and the Miriam scudded away before the wind. Poor sailor as I am, had necessity demanded it I doubt if I could have Archer was flopping about in the water, so it was an easy matter for me to obey his injunctions and sail mingled with those of the girl in the

tiny sloop. Only twice did I look back. The first time was to see my erstwhile companion being dragged by main force into the other boat, the second to see two men and a girl gesticulating wildly to me to return, but I smiled grimly and pointed the Miriam toward home.

On the very next day I returned to town, and I heard no more of the sentimental man until late in November. I was walking up Thirtyninth street one afternoon on my way home from the office when my attention was attracted to a well appointed brougham that swerved into the curb close by me. I heard a voice call, "Kemp!"

It was Archer, and as I took his outstretched hand he returned to the pretty young woman who had just emerged from the carriage and

"Kemp, my wife."-St. Louis Republic.

What Is a Hobby?

If it is somebody else that rides it we are quite sure to call it a hobby, but if it be our own selves who amble along in this fashion we are apt to dignify our steed by the name of a very strong bent or an enthusiastic inclination.

We are quite apt to apply the terms "crank" or "opinionated idiot" to those who oppose our pet theories, forgetting that we, in our turn, may be even more intolerant

It is a most difficult thing for the ordinary man to maintain what would be called a rational equilibrium. The tendency to extremes is so strong in the average character that often insensibly one drifts into arbitrary holdings of beliefs and ideas and is either unable or unwilling to allow that other manuers and methods can be even approximately correct.

Hobbies are very comfortable and desirable things if one rides them with a tight rein and sufficient intelligence to keep them from prancing over other people's preserves hunting cap. The master wore the familiar gold belt and couples, but But the hobby that lifts its heels whenever it comes near to any of apparently a green coat faced with our special friends, or that throws a something like the hunting coat dust in the eyes of the community at large and mud spatters everything that passes by it, is simply a nuisance, and it and its rider ought to be impounded until they are somewhat tamed down or at least taught the wholesome lesson of reben f. for the rights of others.-New York Ledger.

The Millionaire and His Family. This anecdote is told of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. At Saratoga, on one occasion, when sitting on the piazza at a hotel, a somewhat overdressed lady approached him and claimed his acquaintance. The commodore arose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughters sniffed the air with scorn.

"Father," said the young lady, as the commodore resumed his sent. "didn't you remember that vulgar Mrs. B. as the woman who used to sell poultry to us at home?"

"Certainly," responded the old gentleman promptly. "And I remember your mother when she used to sell root beer at 3 cents a glass over in Jersey, when I went up there from Staten Island peddling oysters out of my boat."

As this homely reply was heard by a group surrounding the family, there was no further attempt at aristocratic airs on the part of the ladies during that season.-Nuggets.

A Big Book.

Dr. Parr is credited with having answered a "cheeky" youth in most effective fashion. The latter, wishing to "take a rise" out of Parr, who was a man of much dignity of aspect, before some frivolous acquaintances, observed that if the doctor and himself were to collaborate they could write a very big book. "An enormous one," said Parr dryly, "if we put in all that I first class express train running at know and all that you do not."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Rainy Season Building. Builders say that walls built during a rainy season are the strongest and that when mortar dries quick-ly it becomes crambly and pessesses little binding power.

- "I cannot understand," said the you had to divide your salary with ployed at 3,000, and the number of one."

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter this world and can think of no pleasantor or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventiive of pneumonis, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. Evans Pharmacy.

After years of untold suffering from After years of untold suffering from the provided suffering from After years of untold suffering from After years of untold suffering from the provided suff

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

American Boy Who Became Chancellor of England.

"What delicious coloring-worthy of Titian himself!" exclaimed Benjamin West, president of the Royal academy, on receiving a portrait, unaccompanied by name or letter, to take me in. Now, look out!" We of a beautiful boy with a squirrel in his hand. All he could say was that the painter must be an American, for the wood on which the canvas was stretched was American pine, and the squirrel was such as is found only in American forests.

West's powers of deduction were not at fault. The artist proved to be John Singleton Copley, a Boston navigated the boat back to where boy who, without instruction, without even, as he himself avers, having seen a decent picture till he left America, had produced a piece of away oblivious to his cries, which work that, contrary to all rules and precedents, was at once given an honored place in the academy exhibition.

Encouraged by West, Copley settled in London. He intended that his son, who bere the same name, should also be a painter, but the boy had other ambition. He would not beknown as the son of "Copley, the painter." The world should rather speak of "Copley, the father of the lord chancellor.

The way to that eminence lay through the law, but success tarried. At last came to the young barrister a case of great importance, relating to a spinning jenny. Finding that he could not, from a mere description, fully understand the points of the case, Copley went to Nottingham. His client explained the principle of the machine till at length. impatient at his listener's apparent indifference, he exclaimed:

"What is the use of talking you? I have been trying this ha hour to make you understand, as you pay me no attention!"

In reply Copley went into th whole question, showing such mastery of it in every detail that h client was astonished. Finally, sea ing himself at the machine, the a torney turned out an unexception able example of bobbin net lac Subsequently, in court, his explan tions were illustrated by the actu working of the model in such a mar ner as to carry judge and jury wi

Fees now poured in upon him; took rank as the leader of his circu and was recognized as a man mar. ed for distinction, to which he ul mately rose as three times lord cha cellor of England.

He did not forget that he was American by birth. Scupulously careful of the feelings of others, he was keenly alive to any lack of cour tesy toward himself. O . one occasion, having expressed some opinion not quite palatable to the king, Wil-

liam IV, his majesty inquired: "Pray, my lord, when did you

leave America?" "Please your majesty," returned BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD Copley, then Lord Lyndhurst, "I crossed the Atlantic in the last ship that sailed from Boston under the British flag before the Declaration of Independence."-Youth's Companion.

New York's Millionairedom. When you get up beside the park

and Fifth avenue, beyond the region of superb hotels, you begin to come into millionairedom. Everybody seems to be some sort of a millionaire there. There are sugar kings and railway kings, Wall street magnates and mining princes. In company with a competent cicerone the conversation is a series of names great in the business and social world. Here is the house of the steel and iron millionaire, over there is the house of the baking powder one. There live the multimillionaire pork packers who emigrated from somewhere in the west ten years ago and do not know anybody yet. Over against them is the palace

of the great railway king. Some of these have names to conjure with in that mighty world of fashion which in New York is so large and so serious a part of the life of the idle rich. Others are names known only in the business world through the simple articles they have made their fortunes out of. But the agglomeration of wealth is stupefying, almost terrible. These solemn palaces, brooding in bulky majesty in an endless vista suggest all those fearful questions which must seethe in the minds of the unfortunates who live across town, herded in the misery of huge tenements .-New York Letter in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Velocity of Light. It requires four years and four months for a ray of light to reach us from the nearest star, and yet light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles in a second. At this rate a the speed of 37 miles an hour would require a continuous run of 75,000,-000 of years to reach Alpha Cen-fauri. It would take 250,000,000 of years for a cannon ball traveling at the usual speed of such projectiles fo reach this same point, which is our nearest star neighbor. - New

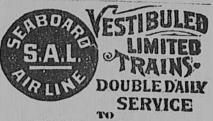
- The amount of capital invested bachelor clerk, "why a man's wife is in the manufacture of bicycle tires i called the 'better half.' " You the United States is estimated a would," said the married clerk, "if \$8,000,000, the number of persons em tires produced annually at 4,000,000

York Ledger.

After years of untold suffering from

VOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT. The undersigned, Administrator of Estate of Margaret McCullough deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 26th day of February, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

A. W. McCULLOUGH, Adm'r.



WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE,

NEW ORLEANS AND

NEW YORK, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NORFOLK, PORTSHOUTH,

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J. R. ANDERSON, Seperintendan W. C. COTHRAN, General Agent Connections at Seneca with Southean Bail's No. 11. At Anderson with Southern Railway N 11 and 12.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND AMBEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect February 7, 1897.

12 17 pm 6 10 pm 1 15 pm 7 00 pm 3 00 pm 10 15 En 4 05 pm 8 00 pm 9 25 sm 5 23 pm 5 23 pm 7 00 pm v Asheville.....
v Spartanburg...
v Green Springs
Lv Greenville...
Lv Laureus
Lv Anderson
Lv Greenwood...
Ar Augusta... v Asheville Lv Calhoan b'alis Ar Baleigh...... Ar Norfolk..... Ly Augusta... Ar Allendale Ar Fairfar...
Ar Fairfar...
Ar Yemassee...
Ar Reau fort...
Ar Port Royal
Ar Bavannah...
Ar Charlesion... Lv Yemassee Lv Fairfax... Lv Allendale

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athems,
Atlanta and all polats on S. A. L.
Close connection at Augusta for Charlesten,
Savannah and all points.
Close connections at Greenwood for all points on
S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Sparianberg
with Southern Bailway.
For any information relative to tickets, raise,
sebedule, etc., address
W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga.
R. M. North, Sol. Agent.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 20, 1897 Fast Line Between Charleston and Col-umbia and Upper South Carolina, North Carolina. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. GOING MAST

	eNo.	52.	No. 53.	
d	7 00 am	LvAr		
		LvAr		
n		LvAr		
		ArLv		
t	11 88 am	ArLv	8 13 pm	
	12 10 pm	ArLv	2 57 pm	
1-		ArLv		
		ArLaurensLv		
f	4 20 pm	ArGreenvilleLv	10 30 am	
		ArSpartanburgLv		
).		Ar Winnsboro, S. C Lv		
	8 20 pm	Ar Charlotte, N. C Ly	9 35 mm	
-	6 05 mm	Arliendersonville, N. CLv	9 18 am	
n	7 00 pm	ArAsbeville, N. C	8 20 mm	
	*Daily.		STATE OF THE PARTY	

Nos. 52 and 53 Solid Trains between Charleston and Columbia, S. C.